CUP 21 g 36/25

THE HEROES:

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of——*Sally in our Alley.*

I.

OF all the Jobbs that e'er have paſt
Our Houſe, ſince Times of Jobbing,
Sure none was ever like the Laſt,
Ev'n in the Days of *Robin:*
For he himſelf had bluſh'd for Shame
At this polluted Cluſter
Of Fifteen N--bles of great Fame,
All brib'd by one falſe Muſter.

II.

Two D--kes on Horſeback firſt appear,
Both tall and of great Proweſs;

Two

Two little B--r--ns in the Rear,
For they 're, you know, the Loweſt:
But High and Low they all agree
To do whatever Man dar'd;
Thoſe ne'er ſo tall, and thoſe that fall
A Foot below the Standard.

III.

Three Regiments one D--ke contents,
With two more Places, you know;
Since his *B--th* Knights, his Gr--ce delights
In Tri-a junct' in U-no.
Now *B--lt--n* comes with Beat of Drums,
Tho' Fighting be his Lothing;
He much diſlikes both Guns and Pikes,
But reliſhes the Clothing.

IV.

Next doth advance, defying *France*,
A Peer in wond'rous Buſtle;
With Sword in Hand he ſtout doth ſtand,
And braggs his Name is *R--ſſ--l:*

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He 'll

He 'll beat the *French* from ev'ry Trench,
And blow them off the Water;
By Sea and Land he doth command,
And looks an arrant Otter.

V.

But of this Clan there 's not a Man
For Bravery that can be,
(Tho' *An---r* ſhould make a Stir)
Compar'd with M---s *Gr---by:*
His Sword and Dreſs both well expreſs
His Courage moſt exceeding;
And by his Hair you 'd almoſt ſwear
He 's valiant *Charles* of *Sweden.*

VI.

The next are *H-----t*, *Ha-----x*,
And *F----h*, choice Commanders!
For theſe the Nation we muſt Tax,
But ne'er ſend them to *Flanders.*
Two Corps of Men do ſtill remain,
Earl *Ch---ly*'s and Earl *B---ley*'s;

The Laſt I hold not quite ſo bold
As formerly was *Herc'les*.

VII.

And now, dear G—, thou Man of Pow'r,
And comprehenſive Noddle;
Tho' you've the Gout, yet, as you're ſtout,
Why wa'n't you plac'd in Saddle?
Then you might ride to either Side,
Chuſe which King you'd ſerve under;
But, dear Dragoon, change not too ſoon,
For fear of th' other Blunder.

VIII.

This faithful Band ſhall ever ſtand,
Defend our Faith's Defender;
Shall keep us free from Popery,
The *French*, and the PRETENDER.
Now God bleſs all our M-n--try,
May they the Crown environ,
To hold in Chain whate'er P—e reign,
And rule with Links of Iron.

FINIS.

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